and the contract of the contra



Why should a long stick, shaped along the general lines of a fishing pole, be a demoniac instrument, while a golf

to waste his time in idle speculation.
The first impressions of the Observer when he had pushed through the doors

"Pool sharp?" asked the proprietor in slightly mollified tones.

of his friends.

"Of course," he said.
Then he went toward the back of the room and picked out a chair which afforded a good view of one of the games.

Many things in his life have dumfounded the Observer. He remembers the dull feeling of uncomprehension which overtook him on one occasion, which overtook him on one occasion which overtook him on one occasion, in Police Court, he saw a damsel of African extraction fineds and he sought vainly for the explanation of such an ineffective means of assault.

Among the surprises of his life the Observer will hereafter catalogue the of the case of the case of the case of a sasault.

Among the surprises of his life the Observer will hereafter catalogue the of the case of the case of the case and please of a seasult.

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Among the expert was a candid sort of that table, was acutely iminative of a Zeppelin dirigible caught in that table, was acutely iminative of a Zeppelin dirigible caught in that table, was acutely iminative of a Zeppelin dirigible caught in that table, was acted by iminative of a Zeppelin dirigible caught in that table, was actedly iminative of a Zeppelin dirigible caught in that table was actedly iminative of a Zeppelin dirigible caught in the limbs of a tree. I might add—"

"Aw, shucks," said the expert, in deepned. Any man who can hunch to have a subject to the observer's admiration for him an. "Jul

SELLING WAR MATERIAL

By Frederic J. Haskin.

brisk business in equipment for the armies of the European nations at

tories and big harness shops are ac-

stuffs and for horses and mules is

mills, automobile fac

cepting huge contracts for goods ulti-mately to be delivered in Europe; and at the same time the demand for food-

Observer found himself confronted by the brilliant lights of a poolroom. Immediately he knew that he should shudder. A pompous gentleman who was addicted to white uttonchop whiskers

dicted to white waistcoats and muttonchop whiskers had told him years and years ago that the open sesame to the inferno was the front door of a poolroom.

The Observer shuddered again.

"This," he said to himself, "is the place where the youth of the country are trained to be expert safeblowers and gas-pipe swingers. I will have to look into this."

At first blush the juxtaposition of the poolroom to hades seemed a little vague. Why should the click of ivory have this mysterious, satanic lure? Why should a long stick, shaped along

The Observer watched him with pro stick is warmly indorsed by press and his thumb at the table he would have passed anywhere for an art critic. This man clearly was an expert. It would be well to talk with him.

when he had pushed through the doors were numbing. Here was a class of people who evidently did not need air. mously stout man who brought his people who evidently did not need air. Instead of air they breathed chalk dust and smoke. The room was full of it it swirled in great eddies beneath the brilliant electric lights. It hung in cumulus clouds along the ceiling. Dimly the Observer saw groups of figures standing around heavy tables or contorting themselves like acrobats as they tried to hit the balls.

A steady hum of conversation arose, punctuated by the click-clack of the rolling balls. Somewhere overhead there came the rumble of thunder.

"Have a table?" asked the proprietor. "Thank you, no," replied the Observer, politely: "but I'll take one of those chandeliers if you don't mind."

"You will not." said the proprietor, abruptly. "And, furthermore, if you haven't any business here—"

The Observer looked at him in mild."

"Got it!" said the fat man in tones of the same the care of the same intered on all the laws of chance. The cue ball gently tapped another ball, which slid reluctantly into the pocket.

"Got it!" said the fat man in tones of the same in the care of the same in the care in mously stout man who brought his mastodonic abdominal proportions into sharp relief by wearing a plaid vest. This individual had thrust his cue behind him and backed up against the table. Farther and farther back he leaned with the cue still behind him. He was redened face. Back—back—""The beserver, excitedly. "If that elephant leans another half inch more his spine will crack."

The expert ignored him. He was squinting, all interest.

Just at that moment the corpulent pool player gave a gargantuan lunge and hit the cue ball in defiance of all the laws of chance. The cue ball gently tapped another ball, which slid reluctantly into the pocket.

"Got it!" said the fat man in tores of the same intered on the cue ball in the same intered on the same intered on the same individual had thrust his cue behind him him date was headed with the cue still behind

abruptly. "And, furthermore, if you haven't any business here—"
The Observer looked at him in mild surprise.
"Of course, I have business here," he said. "You don't think I came for pleasure, do you?"
"A reformer," snarled the proprietor. "Not exactly," replied the Observer, modestly, "although I've heard that moral repairing wouldn't hurt the place."

Tapped another ball, which slid reluctantly into the pocket.
"Got it!" said the fat man in tones of unctuous satisfaction.
There was a slight ripple of applause. The game proceeded and the expert and the Observer were able to resume their conversation.
"He shouldn't have made the shot that way," said the expert in a mournful voice.
"You bet your life he shouldn't."

"You bet your life he shouldn't,"
"You bet your life he shouldn't,"
agreed the Observer, heartily. "Why if
that man keeps on like that he's going
to break his neck and his suspenders
and—"
"It put him in bad position," stated

The Observer lied with that easy grace which is the constant admiration of his friends.

"Of course," he said.

Then he went toward the back of the room and picked out a chair which afforded a good view of one of the games.

Many things in his life have dum-

Among the surprises of his life the boserver will hereafter catalogue the poolroom chair. In the first place, you aren't allowed to move it. The chairs

tests. Later the steel company announced to thirty-seven motor makers that orders from the French government would be distributed among them,

Yet all buying is not so indirect. It

Orders. directly with Detroit mak-

an order for a million dol-

American manufacturers are doing a that delivery might be made promptly

FARTHER AND GRIPPED A BALL FARTHER RACK ABOUT AS BIG AS THE CHAIRS ARE LINED HE LEANED HIMSELF UP ALONG THE WALL AND THERE THEY STAY KNEE UPON THE POOL AS IF THE FLOOR HAD BEEN PULLED FROM UNDER HIM

Just at that moment the corpulent pool player gave a gargantan lunge and hit the cue ball in defiance of all the laws of chance. The cue ball gently tapped another ball, which slid reluctionately into the pocket.

"Got it!" said the fat man in tones of its and satisfaction.

There was a slight ripple of applause.

The game proceeded and the expert and the Observer were able to resume their conversation.

"Aw, shucks!" This seemed to be their conversation.

"He shouldn't have made the shot that way," said the expert in a mourn that way," said the expert in a mourn that way," said the observer were able to resume their conversation.

"The game proceeded and the expert in the Observer were able to resume their conversation.

"He shouldn't have made the shot that way," said the expert in a mourn that way," said the observer readed the Observer, heartily, "Got its and handerd-yard dash. And in addition to this the gentleman of the pool from its the pool from watcher to the formost pool players around these parts. I would like to see you pert's favorite phrase. "I don't stange avocations of markind the Observer could see was from the proprietors.

"You bet your life he shouldn't," agreed the Observer, heartily, "Why if that man keeps on like that he's going and croons to its between a victim of St. Vitus' dance and a hundred-yard dash. And in addition to this the gentleman of the pool from watcher to the table, why should his fill the wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was paying part of the expenses. If he wanted to? He was neditating upon the strange avocations of mar

"He shouldn't have made the shot that way," said the expert in a mournful voice.

"You bet your life he shouldn't, agreed the Observer, heartily. "Why it that man keeps on like that he's going to break his neck and his suspenders and—"

"It put him in bad position," stated the expert.

"Exactly," said the Observer, overjoyed at being so easily understood. "I can see that you and I as intelligent men can discuss this business intelligently. To me his position, as he backed against that table, was acutely imitative of a Zengelin dirigible caught in the server was a candid sort of man.

orders from the Italian government are,

agent for the French government, but there is much doubt as to wnether or not the harness and saddlery equipment is destined for France. As to the motor cars, the steel company invited manufacturers to send their cars to Bethlehem, Pa., to be submitted to Bethl May Be for government, is that the huge Italian orders Germany. really being placed for German consumption. It is pointed out that there is no proof that the alleged orders from the Italian government are

in fact, not governmental orders, and say s reported on good authority that the Russian government place! that the circumstances of their being placed through commission houses that The wheat and flour trade with the European nations is tremendous. During placed through commission houses that ordinarily represent the Italian govern-Sweden is reported ment is not to be given too great weight. Flour Trade. to have ordered 130,000 barrels of They believe that the equipment being shipped to Naples and other Italian ports

shell eyeglasses and an air of deterRocarvoir characteristics of Theodore
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troduction of War Melody.

dence of the Associated Press LONDON, October 12.-"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" is upsetting staid old England quite as completely as "Hot Time" outraged the sensiorders. A stream antifacturers are concerned, a dense cloud of mystery of the stream of the concerned of the bilities of esthetic Americans at the time of the Spanish-American war,

many strait-laced communicants were shocked because the organist played "Tipperary" as a closing voluntary. But hundreds of communicants were moved to tears by the swinging march tune which Tommy Atkins has adopted in spite of squeamish persons who would force more decorous airs upon him.

The organist at Tyler's Green established a precedent which is far-reaching, and the favorite air of the recruits is finding a place in the hearts of complace in medleys of patriotic airs arfar anged for sacred concerts.

A prominent clergyman, discussing the protests against "Tipperary" as a closing voluntary. Bat have a unifortunate woman who took her own life.

Whether or not these men were outcasts we cannot know. The report didn't attempt to furnish a description of them. But little as their own lives might be worth, they did not hesitate to offer what they had.

On the river front one may daily see little evidences of heroism among the discarded members of society and the refuse of humanity. Under tattered clothes and seared features beats many a heart which would freely spare its blood for others more unfortunate. A child falls in the river and it is a rare day when a dozen dock wallopers won't begin shedding their coats for the rescue.

It is almost as difficult to kill the good in men as it is to suppress the bad.

CHURCH ORGANIST PLAYS

'LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY'

tune to be used in churches, said:
"Really, these superior people might drop their nonsense at such a time of national peril. I would like to point out to them that a tune which is good enough on a dark, damp night to cheer our brave men on to almost certain

death in their heroic endeavors to sav death in their heroic endeavors to save their country and the honor of their womenfolk is surely good enough with which to end a church service. Persons who possess imaginations and hearts must be moved by such a human sort of tune—a tune which means so much to the young Englishmen who are real-ly defending the nation's honor."

Training Camps Lack Bands.

Most of the camps where recruits are Most of the camps where recruits are in training lack organized bands. The rapidity of the recruiting and the great tax upon the resources of the war office have not admitted of band organization. However, nearly every company has a few musicians who play fifes or harmonicas, and "Tipperary" is the tune invariably heard as the youngsters move along on practice marches. If instruments are lacking the men whistle the rousing tune, for it has been demonstrated that it is a good "whistler." Even the least musical can sing or whistle the air.

## The Hearts in Men. rom the Detroit News.

Two river-front wanderers uncereisly leaped into the river Thursday to rescue an unfortunate woman

things which it believes are for our

is a thundering fine thing to tell me to be careful. How about him? He hasn't set one of those duck pins in the proper place for me all this evening. Whe chance have got when he seems to be careful. How about him? He hasn't set one of those duck pins in the proper place for me all this evening. Whe chance have got when he seems to be all the tell the chance have got when he seems to be and the salis take up about all the remaining space on the alley and considering the pinboy was still rubbing his shin. He apostrophised the duckpins.

"Heah I is," said the pinboy, sadly, "wuckin' hard fo' mah tip, and den dat white man he heaves de ball at me. Doan't see why I should stand fo' havin' things throwed at me."

He rubbed his shin again.
Theooponent of the mop-haired man gave him a little sound advice. "Try bowling down the proper that the opponent averaged the opponent averaged the colonel and the opponent of the mop-haired man gave him a little sound advice. "Try bowling down the saley. If you resolve to stay in the gutters each time, I figure, by a simple reverse of the process, that you will make a strike or a spare every time."

Across the way, in alley No. 3, the Observer espled the colonel; a small heavy-set man, with a tremendous head of hair like William Jennings Bryan. The colonel gripped a ball about as big as himself. He was clutching it with the desperation born of discouragement. As the Observer approached the colonel let fity, and the ball, after striking the alley with a terrific thump, wandered toward the pins in an erratic, bibulous way.

You could fairly hear the colonel pray as the ball wabbled along. He wanted, with all the overwhelming desire of an ambitious man, to hit some things.

Why should the fates deny us the things we deem most precious? Is there some animate power which deems us children, and doles out only those things which it believes are for our good? us children, and doles out only those bone.

"Gr-r-rumph!" exclaimed the Observ-

things which it believes are for our good?

Here was the colonel, a man who can go out any day in the week and win a law case, offering petitions to the ramparts of the higher world that he might hit just one little pin. He did not ask for a strik or a spane. If he could only hit something! He got down on his hands and knees. If he had been a Mohammedan, he would have produced a prayer mat and talked as man to man with Allah.

Half way down the alley the ball lumbered off into the gutters, and the volonel, arising with a sigh, brushed off his knees and started to select any other room, where the sounds of tunder or originated. Even before he reached the alleys the boom of a mighty artiller battle reached him.

"Why do you work like that?" asked the Colonel, was to dispirited to take offense. "Your egotism?" asked the Colonel eyed his sore. It was a perfect blank. "You got the racche of his feet. The colonel eyed his score. It was a perfect blank. "It is only the third frame," said the many bowling alley." The Observer went home. On his way he meditated the adverse of a child who had eparted from the current of the carnage there came a feeble squawk of astonishment.

From the center of the carnage there came a feeble squawk of astonishment.

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From the center of the carnage there came a feeble squawk of astonishment.

From the center of the carnage there came a feeble squawk of astonishment of the thirt the colonel. The distance he heard a voice. It was the colonel is was talking. He was wildered voice.

"If you don't like me," said the colonel excitedly, "come outside and fight as man to man. Don't throw bowling balls at my head! I won't stand for it. You ought to be.

"In meducing," panet the colonel. The explained where and what the Observer own, the thirt frame, said the colonel excitedly, "come outside and fight as man to man and town the colonel excitedly, "c



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